Angel Lost Her Halo

Somewhere between weeping on the grave of the daughter she killed
By gilding the lily with her stupid lies of sexual abuse,
And sucking my supposedly gonnorhea-ridden dick,
Angel lost her halo.

Like all things that seem too good to be true,
She was,
Women like her just don't love men like me...
Sadists like her ex-husband,
Psychos like Ian Huntley,
Even monsters like Ted Bundy,
But not mere non-entities like the doorstep assassin she was told I was.

What part of I love you don't you understand?

When she'd repeated it for the thousandth time
I gave up counting, and gave up doubting,
Then after **I found that crucial document**
And was foolish enough to show it to her,
And spell out its implications, it was suddenly
Moratorium time,
Then it was "Let's (just) be friends",
In case she needed a shoulder to cry on sometime
When the black clouds I'd blown away had returned,
Or until she could lure me into doing her bidding –
The only thing she ever really wanted me for –
On a suitably efficacious pretext,
Like the imminent suicide of another daughter,

Finally, it was thanks for the ride, the sex was great, fuck off forever.

Now Angel has lost her halo,
I waited fifty years for her,
But she wasn't worth it,
All those other fucking bitches,
The ones who tried to destroy my miserable life with malice aforethought
Just because they could,
Hurt me not one zillionth of one percentile as much as she did.

Angel lost her halo, but she was warned:
Hell hath no fury like A Baron scorned.